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GRIMM TALES  
MADE GAY  
BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL




With GAY PICTURES  
BY ALBERT LEVERING

Gift of

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**CRIMM TALES  
MADE GAY**  
By **GUY WETMORE CARRYL**  
AUTHOR OF

THIS..... AND MANY...OTHER..... THINGS!



**PICTURES BY  
ALBERT LEVERING**  
ARTIST OF

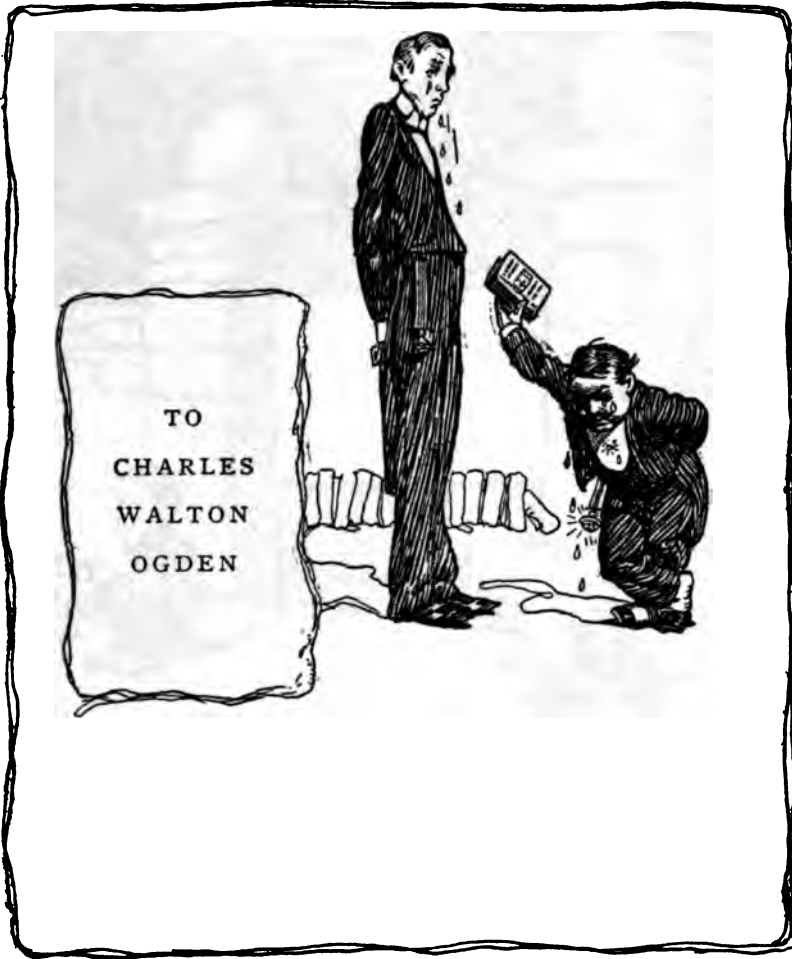
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**BOSTON & NEW YORK  
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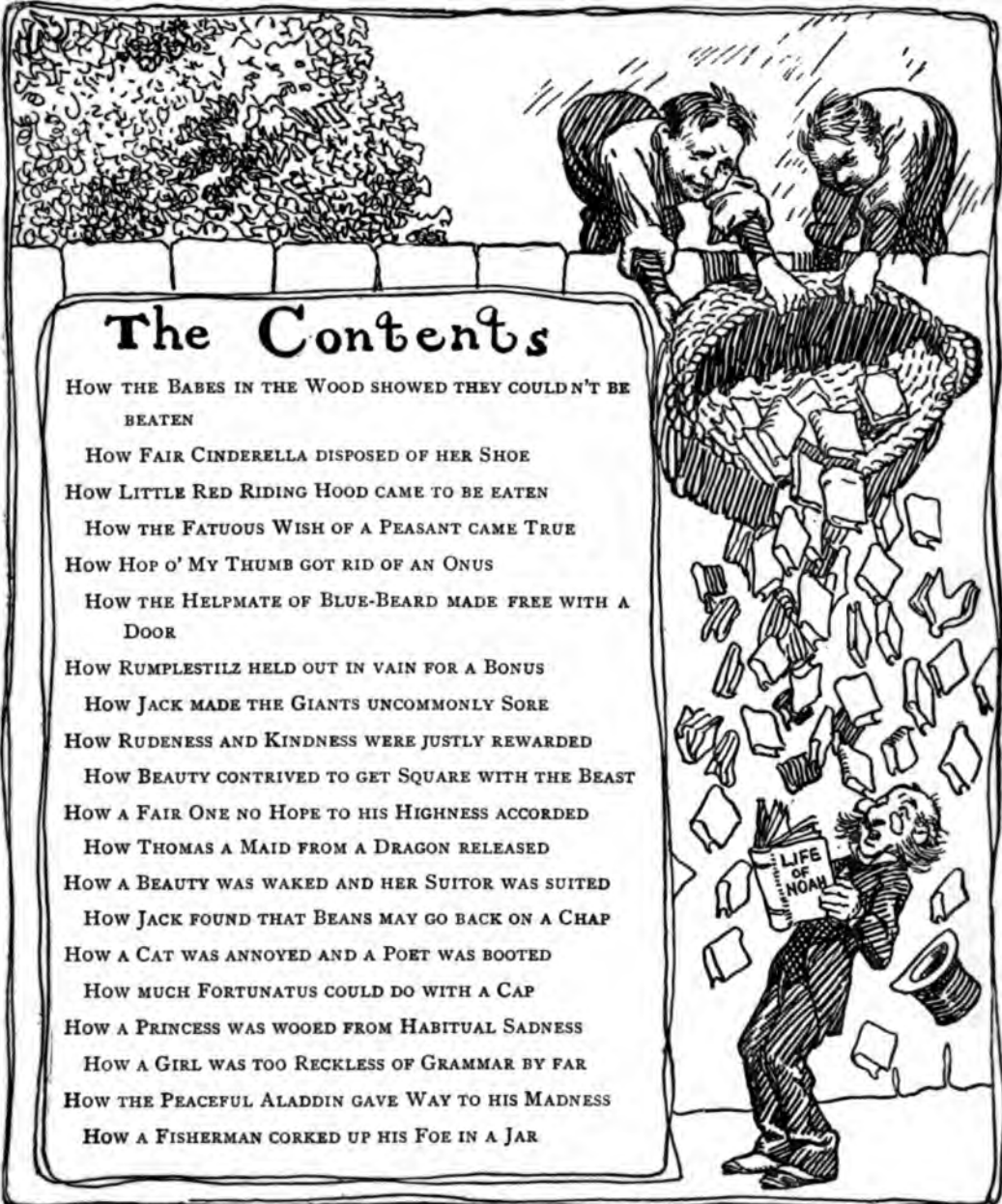
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*I have pleasure in acknowledging the courteous permission of the editors to reprint in this form such of these verses as were originally published in Harper's Magazine, The Century, Life, The Smart Set, The Saturday Evening Post, The Home Magazine, and the London Tatler.*

**G. W. C.**







## The Contents

HOW THE BABES IN THE WOOD SHOWED THEY COULDN'T BE  
BEATEN

HOW FAIR CINDERELLA DISPOSED OF HER SHOE

HOW LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD CAME TO BE EATEN

HOW THE FATUOUS WISH OF A PEASANT CAME TRUE

HOW HOP O' MY THUMB GOT RID OF AN ONUS

HOW THE HELPMATE OF BLUE-BEARD MADE FREE WITH A  
DOOR

HOW RUMPLESTILZ HELD OUT IN VAIN FOR A BONUS

HOW JACK MADE THE GIANTS UNCOMMONLY SORE

HOW RUDENESS AND KINDNESS WERE JUSTLY REWARDED

HOW BEAUTY CONTRIVED TO GET SQUARE WITH THE BEAST

HOW A FAIR ONE NO HOPE TO HIS HIGHNESS ACCORDED

HOW THOMAS A MAID FROM A DRAGON RELEASED

HOW A BEAUTY WAS WAKED AND HER SUITOR WAS SUITED

HOW JACK FOUND THAT BEANS MAY GO BACK ON A CHAP

HOW A CAT WAS ANNOYED AND A POET WAS BOOTED

HOW MUCH FORTUNATUS COULD DO WITH A CAP

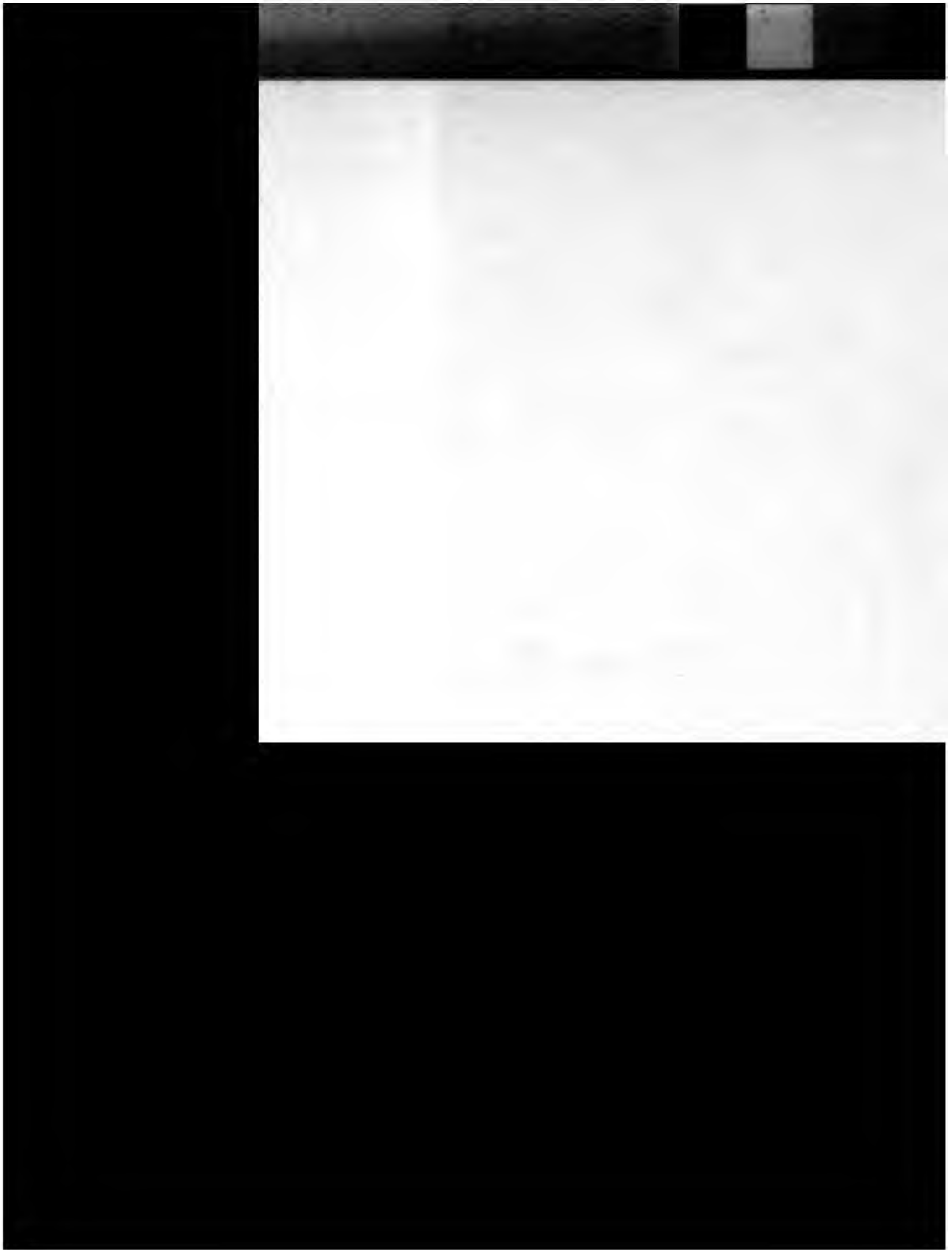
HOW A PRINCESS WAS WOODED FROM HABITUAL SADNESS

HOW A GIRL WAS TOO RECKLESS OF GRAMMAR BY FAR

HOW THE PEACEFUL ALADDIN GAVE WAY TO HIS MADNESS

HOW A FISHERMAN CORKED UP HIS FOE IN A JAR







*Grimm Tales Made Gay*



*How the Babes in the Wood  
Showed They Couldn't be  
Beaten*

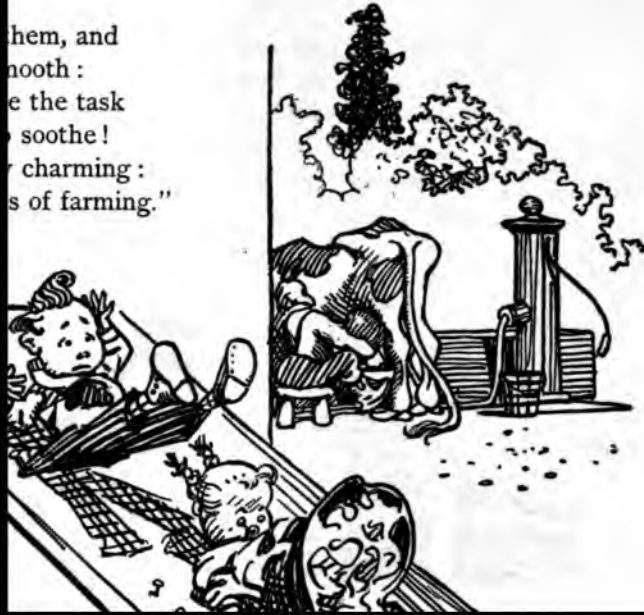
€



A man of kind and noble mind  
Was H. Gustavus Hyde.  
'T would be amiss to add to this  
At present, for he died,  
In full possession of his senses,  
The day before my tale commences.

One half his gold his four-year-old  
Son Paul was known to win,  
And Beatrix, whose age was six,  
For all the rest came in,  
Perceiving which, their Uncle Ben did  
A thing that people said was splendid.

hem, and  
nooth :  
e the task  
soothe!  
y charming :  
s of farming."



Concealing guile beneath a smile,  
He took them to a wood,  
And, with severe and most austere  
Injunctions to be good,  
He left them seated on a gateway,  
And took his own departure straightway.



Though much afraid, the children stayed  
From ten till nearly eight ;  
At times they wept, at times they slept,  
But never left the gate :  
Until the swift suspicion crossed them  
That Uncle Benjamin had lost them.



Then, quite unnerved, young Paul observed :  
“ It ’s like a dreadful dream,  
And Uncle Ben has fallen ten  
Per cent. in my esteem.  
Not only did he first usurp us,  
But now he ’s left us here on purpose ! ”

\* \* \* \* \*

For countless years their childish fears  
Have made the reader pale,  
For countless years the public's tears  
Have started at the tale,  
For countless years much detestation  
Has been expressed for their relation.

So draw a veil across the dale  
Where stood that ghastly gate.  
No need to tell. You know full well



*How Fair Cinderella Disposed  
of Her Shoe*



The vainest girls in forty states  
Were Gwendolyn and Gladys Gates ;  
They warbled, slightly off the air,  
Romantic German songs,  
And each of them upon her hair  
Employed the curling tongs,  
And each with ardor most intense  
Her buxom figure laced,



Until her wilful want of sense  
Procured a woeful waist :  
For bound to marry titled mates  
Were Gwendolyn and Gladys Gates.



he swains were few  
! Gladys, too).  
oon, and night  
they  
their selfish spite,  
t way :  
ne was Leonore,  
ere nor here,  
derella, for  
her sphere,  
she had to do  
Gladys, too).



ach night to dances and to *fêtes*  
ent Gwendolyn and Gladys Gates,  
nd Cinderella watched them go  
In silks and satins clad :  
prince invited them, and so  
They put on all they had !  
at one fine night, as all alone  
She watched the flames leap higher,

Wall-flowers, when thus compared with her,  
Both Gwendolyn and Gladys were.



The prince but gave them glances hard,  
No gracious word he said ;  
He scratched their names from off his card,  
And wrote hers down instead :  
And where he would bestow his hand  
He showed them in a trice  
By handing her the kisses, and  
To each of them an ice !  
In sudden need of fire and fur  
Both Gwendolyn and Gladys were.



At ten o'clock, in discontent,  
Both Gwendolyn and Gladys went.  
Their sister stayed till after two,  
And, with a joy sincere,  
The prince obtained her crystal shoe  
By way of souvenir.  
"Upon the bridal path," he cried,  
"We'll reign together! Since  
I love you, you must be my bride!"  
(He was no slouch, that prince!)  
And into sudden languishment

## *How Little Red Riding Hood Came to be Eaten*

♣

Most worthy of praise  
Were the virtuous ways  
Of Little Red Riding Hood's Ma,  
And no one was ever  
More cautious and clever  
Than Little Red Riding Hood's Pa.  
They never misled,  
For they meant what they said,  
And would frequently say what they meant,  
And the way she should go  
They were careful to show,  
And the way that they showed her, she went.



For obedience she was effusively thanked,



And for anything else she was carefully spank

as is n't strange  
Red Riding Hood's range  
virtues so steadily grew,  
soon she won prizes  
fferent sizes,  
d golden encomiums, too!  
general rule  
was head of her school,  
d at six was so notably smart  
they gave her a cheque  
eciting "The Wreck  
the Hesperus," wholly by heart!  
you all will applaud her the more, I am  
sure,  
n I add that this money she gave to the  
poor.

But the following year  
Struck her smiling career  
With a dull and a sickening thud !



(I have shed a great tear at the thought of her  
pain,  
And must copy my manuscript over again !)

reaming of harm,  
lay on her arm  
basket she hung. It was filled  
jellies, and ices,  
gruel, and spices,  
d chicken-legs, carefully grilled,  
t savory stew,  
a novel or two  
e'd persuaded a neighbor to loan,  
a hot-water can,  
a Japanese fan,  
d a bottle of *eau-de-cologne*,  
the rest of the things that your family fill  
room with, whenever you chance to be ill!

pected to find  
lecrepit but kind



*This shows the bad wolf that came out of the wood,  
And proved by his actions to be robbin' Hood.*





At this terrible tale  
Some readers will pale,  
And others with horror grow dumb,  
And yet it was better,  
I fear, he should get her :  
Just think what she might have become !  
For an infant so keen  
Might in future have been  
A woman of awful renown,  
Who carried on fights  
For her feminine rights



As the Mare of an Arkansas town.  
She might have continued the crime of her  
'teens,  
And come to write verse for the Big Magazines !

Than children whose talents appall :  
One much prefers those who are dumber,  
But as for the paragons small,  
If a swallow cannot make a summer  
It can bring on a summary fall !



## *How the Fatuous Wish of a Peasant Came True*




An excellent peasant,  
Of character pleasant,  
Once lived in a hut with his wife.  
He was cheerful and docile,  
But such an old fossil  
You would n't meet twice in your life.  
His notions were all without reason or rhyme,  
Such dullness in any one else were a crime,  
But the folly pig-headed  
To which he was wedded  
Was so deep imbedded,  
it touched the sublime!



He frequently stated  
Such quite antiquated  
And singular doctrines as these:  
*"Do good unto others!  
All men are your brothers!"*  
(Of course he forgot the Chinese!)  
He said that all men were made equal and free,  
(That's true if they're born on *our* side of the  
sea!)  
That truth should be spoken,  
And pledges unbroken:  
(Now where, by that token,  
would most of us be?)



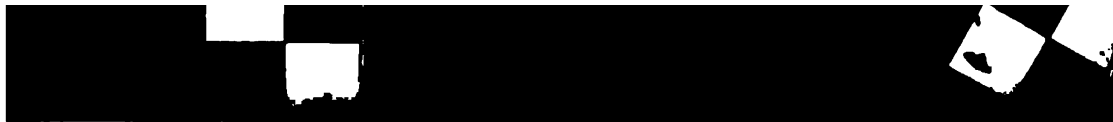
One day, as his pottage  
He ate in his cottage,  
    A fairy stepped up to the door ;  
Upon it she hammered,  
And meekly she stammered :  
    “ A morsel of food I implore.”  
He gave her sardines, and a biscuit or two,  
And she said in reply, when her luncheon was  
    through,  
    “ In return for these dishes  
Of bread and of fishes



That nincompoop peasant  
Accepted the present,  
    (As most of us probably would,)  
And, thinking her bounty  
To turn to account, he  
    Said : “ *Now* I ’ll do somebody good !  
I won’t ask a thing for myself or my wife,  
But I ’ll make all my neighbors with happiness  
    rife.  
Whate’er their conditions,  
Henceforward, physicians  
And indispositions  
    they ’re rid of for life ! ”



**With singular quickness  
Each victim of sickness  
Was made over, better than new,  
And people who formerly thought they were  
doomed  
With almost obstreperous healthiness bloomed,  
And each had some platitude,  
Teeming with gratitude,  
For the new attitude  
life had assumed.**



**Our friend's satisfaction  
Concerning his action  
Was keen, but exceedingly brief.  
The wrathful condition  
Of every physician  
In town was surpassing belief !  
Professional nurses were plunged in despair,  
And chemists shook passionate fists in the air :  
They called at his dwelling,  
With violence swelling,  
His greeting repelling  
with arrogant stare.**



l the neighbors  
used her excessive alarm !  
t to work on his various ills,  
im with liniments, powders, and



ed him so dearly  
them nearly  
le the yearly  
at of their bills.

*This Moral* by the tale is taught : —  
The wish is father to the thought.  
(We 'd oftentimes escape the worst  
If but the thinking part came first !)

*How Hop O' My Thumb Got  
Rid of an Onus*



A worthy couple, man and wife,  
Dragged on a discontented life :  
The reason, I should state,  
That it was destitute of joys,  
Was that they had a dozen boys  
To feed and educate,



And nothing such patience demands  
As having twelve boys on your hands!

That, in the end, they both resolved  
To lose them in a wood,  
Though nothing a parent annoys  
Like heartlessly losing his boys!

So when their sons had gone to bed,  
Though bitter tears the couple shed,  
They laid their little plan.  
*"Faut b'en que ça s'fasse. Quand même,"*  
The woman said, *"J'en suis tout' blême.*  
*"Ça colle!"* observed the man,  
*"Mais ça coute, que ces gošses fichus!*  
*B'en, quoi! Faut qu'i's soient perdus!"*

(I've quite omitted to explain  
That they were natives of Touraine;  
I see I must translate.)  
"Of course it must be done, and still,"  
The wife remarked, "it makes me ill."  
"You bet!" replied her mate:  
"But we've both of us counted the cost,  
And the kids simply *have* to be lost!"

But, while they plotted, every word



The youngest of the urchins heard,  
And winked the other eye ;  
His height was only two feet three.  
(I might remark, in passing, he  
Was little, but O My !)  
He added : " I 'd better keep mum."  
(He was foxy, was Hop O' My Thumb !)



He led the boys in at the gate!

He placed his hand upon his heart,  
And said: "You think you're awful smart,  
But I have foiled you thus!"  
His parents humbly bent the knee,  
And meekly said: "H. O. M. T.,  
You're one too much for us!"  
And both of them solemnly swore  
'We won't never do so no more!"

While I do not  
idone the plot,  
n that one  
chance of being foiled,  
's arrangements spoiled  
nious son.  
n your children, with pain,  
don't turn up again!



## *How the Helpmate of Blue- Beard Made Free with a Door*



A maiden from the Bosphorus,  
With eyes as bright as phosphorus,  
Once wed the wealthy bailiff  
Of the caliph  
Of Kelat.  
Though diligent and zealous, he  
Became a slave to jealousy.

(Considering her beauty,



'T was his duty  
To be that !)

en business would necessitate  
ourney, he would hesitate,  
ut, fearing to disgust her,  
He would trust her  
With his keys,  
marking to her prayerfully :  
eg you 'll use them carefully.  
on't look what I deposit  
In that closet,  
If you please."

ay be mentioned, casually,  
t blue as lapis lazuli  
e drew his hair, his lashes



*This shows how grim Blue-Beard, when bound on a bat,  
Instructed his wife on the key of a flat!*





This feeling insalubrious  
Soon made her most lugubrious,  
And bitterly she missed her  
Elder sister  
Marie Anne :  
She asked if she might write her to  
Come down and spend a night or two,  
Her husband answered rightly  
And politely :  
“ Yes, you can !”

Blue-Beard, the Monday following,  
His jealous feeling swallowing,  
Packed all his clothes together  
In a leather-  
Bound valise,  
And, feigning reprehensibly,  
He started out, ostensibly  
By traveling to learn a  
Bit of Smyrna  
And of Greece.

His wife made but a cursory  
Inspection of the nursery ;  
The kitchen and the airy  
Little dairy  
Were a bore,  
As well as big or scanty rooms,  
And billiard, bath, and ante-rooms,  
But not that interdicted  
And restricted  
Little door !



Her to see,



This damsel disobedient  
Did something inexpedient,  
And in the keyhole tiny  
Turned the shiny  
Little key :

Then started back impulsively,  
And shrieked aloud convulsively —  
Three heads of girls he 'd wedded  
And beheaded  
Met her eye!



And turning round, much terrified,  
Her darkest fears were verified,  
For Blue-Beard stood behind her,  
Come to find her  
On the sly!

iving she was fated to  
on decapitated, too,  
e telegraphed her brothers  
    And some others  
        What she feared.  
Sister Anne looked out for them,  
adiness to shout for them  
henever in the distance  
    With assistance  
        They appeared.

only from her battlement  
saw some dust that cattle meant.  
e ordinary story  
    Is n't gory,  
        But a jest.  
here 's the truth unqualified.  
husband *was n't* mollified

## *How Rumpelstilz Held Out in Vain for a Bonus*

♣

In Germany there lived an earl  
Who had a charming niece :  
And never gave the timid girl  
A single moment's peace !  
Whatever low and menial task  
His fancy fitted through,  
He did not hesitate to ask  
That shrinking child to do.  
(I see with truly honest shame you  
Are blushing, and I do not blame you.  
A tale like this the feelings softens,  
And brings the tears, as does " Two Orphans.")



ad to wash the windows, and  
had to scrub the floors,  
ad to lend a willing hand  
fifty other chores :  
ave the dog his exercise,  
read the earl the news,  
oned all his evening ties,  
l polished all his shoes,  
eaned the tins that filled the dairy,  
ut the claws of the canary,  
hen, at night, with manner winsome,  
coal was wanted, carried in some !

ough these tasks were quite enough,



And for an answer whistled loudly !



But when the earl went down the stair  
She yielded to her fears.  
Gave way at last to grim despair,  
And melted into tears :  
When suddenly, from out the wall,  
As if he felt at home,  
There pounced a singularly small  
And much distorted gnome.  
He smiled a smile extremely vapid,  
And set to work in fashion rapid ;  
No time for resting he deducted,  
And soon the trousers were constructed.



The girl observed : " How very nice

As by this tale you have been grieved  
And heartily distressed,  
Kind sir, you will be much relieved  
To know his name she guessed :



But if I do not tell the same,  
Pray count it not a crime :—  
I've tried my best, and for that name  
I can't find any rhyme !  
Yet spare me from remarks injurious :  
I will not leave you foiled and furious.  
If something must proclaim the answer,  
And I cannot, the title can, sir !

***The Moral* is : All said and done,  
There 's nothing new beneath the sun,  
And many times before, a title  
Was incapacity's requital !**

*How Jack Made the Giants  
Uncommonly Sore*




Of all the ill-fated  
Boys ever created  
Young Jack was the wretchedest lad :  
An emphatic, erratic,  
Dogmatic fanatic  
Was foisted upon him as dad !  
From the time he could walk,  
And before he could talk,  
His wearisome training began,  
On a highly barbarian,  
Disciplinarian,  
Nearly Tartarean  
Plan !



He taught him some Raleigh,  
And some of Macaulay,  
Till all of "Horatius" he knew,  
And the drastic, sarcastic,  
Fantastic, scholastic  
Philippics of "Junius," too.  
He made him learn lots  
Of the poems of Watts,  
And frequently said he ignored,  
On principle, any son's  
Title to benisons  
Till he'd learned Tennyson's  
"Maud."

"For these are the giants  
Of thought and of science,"  
He said in his positive way :  
"So weigh them, obey them,  
Display them, and lay them




By the time he was twenty  
Jack had such a plenty  
Of books and paternal advice,  
Though seedy and needy,  
Indeed he was greedy  
For vengeance, whatever the price!  
In the editor's seat  
Of a critical sheet  
He found the revenge that he sought;  
And, with sterling appliance of  
Mind, wrote defiance of  
All of the giants of  
Thought.

He 'd thunder and grumble  
At high and at humble  
Until he became, in a while,  
Mordacious, pugnacious,  
Rapacious. Good gracious!  
They called him the Yankee Carlyle!  
But he never took rest  
On his quarrelsome quest  
Of the giants, both mighty and small.  
He slated, distorted them,  
Hanged them and quartered them,  
Till he had slaughtered them  
All.

This is *The Moral* that lies in the verse :

Who has a go farther, you're apt to fare  
worse.

When you turn it around it is different rather : —  
You're not apt to go worse if you have a fair  
father !)



*How Rudeness and Kindness  
Were Justly Rewarded*

6


Once on a time, long years ago  
(Just when I quite forget),  
Two maidens lived beside the Po,  
One blonde and one brunette.  
The blonde one's character was mild,  
From morning until night she smiled,  
Whereas the one whose hair was brown  
Did little else than pine and frown.  
(*I think one ought to draw the line  
At girls who always frown and pine !*)

The blonde one learned to play the harp,  
Like all accomplished dames,  
And trained her voice to take *C* sharp  
As well as Emma Eames ;  
Made baskets out of scented grass,  
And paper-weights of hammered brass,  
And lots of other odds and ends  
For gentleman and lady friends.  
(*I think it takes a deal of sense  
To manufacture gifts for gents !*)



the dark one wore an air of gloom,  
proclaimed the world a bore,  
and took her breakfast in her room  
three mornings out of four.  
With crankiness she seemed imbued,  
and everything she said was rude :  
she sniffed, and sneered, and, what is more,  
when very much provoked, she swore !  
I think that I could never care  
for any girl who 'd learned to swear !)


One day the blonde was striding past  
the forest, all alone,



The maiden filled her trembling palms  
With coinage of the realm.  
The fairy said : " Take back your alms !  
My heart they overwhelm.  
Henceforth at every word shall slip  
A pearl or ruby from your lip !"  
And, when the girl got home that night, —

... found the fairy's words were right !





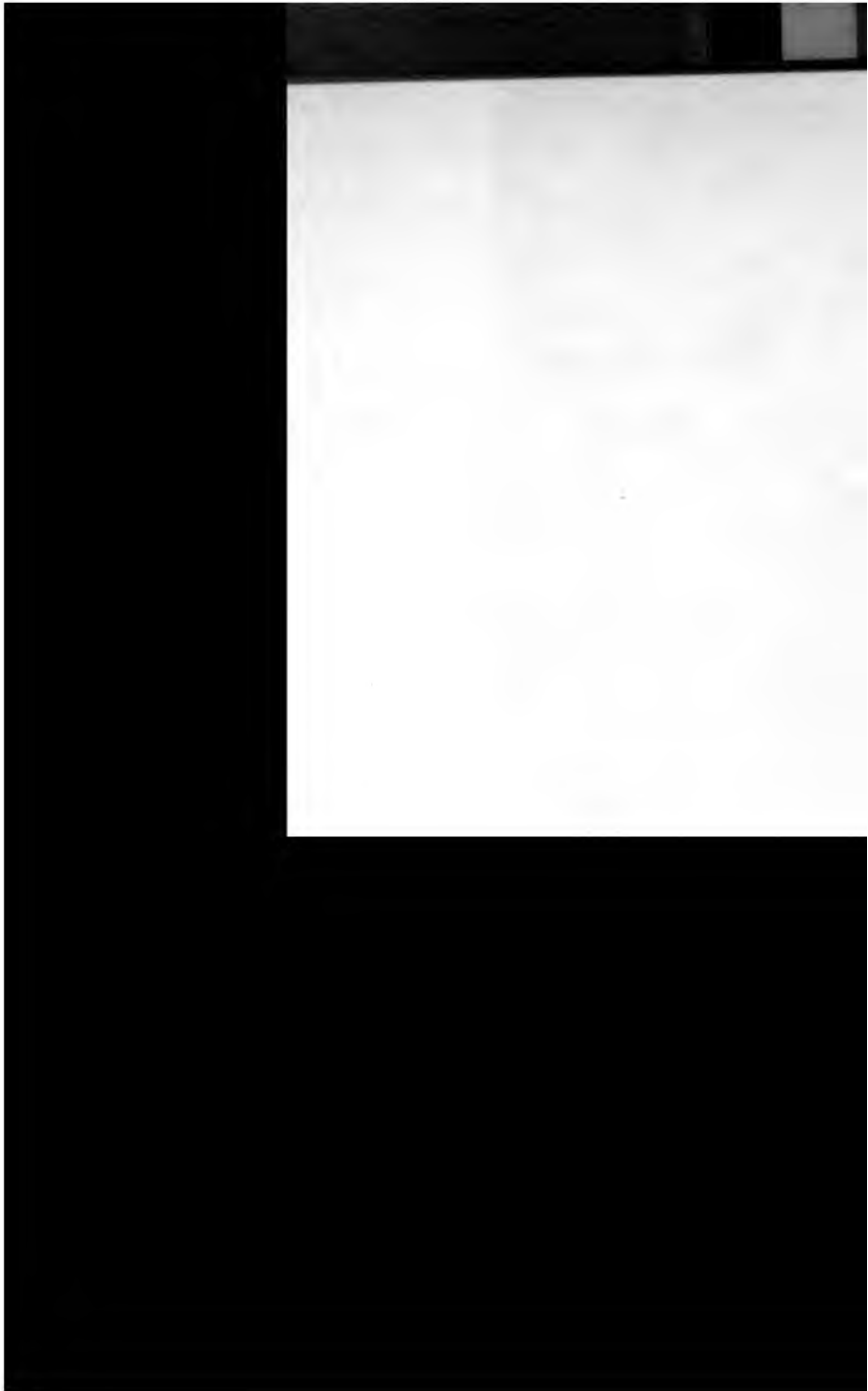
It happened that the cross brunette,  
Ten minutes later, came  
Along the self-same road, and met  
That bent and wrinkled dame,  
Who asked her humbly for a sou.  
The girl replied: "Get out with you!"  
The fairy cried: "Each word you drop,  
A toad from out your mouth shall hop!"  
(*I think that nothing incommodes  
One's speech like uninvited toads !*)

And so it was, the cheerful blonde  
Lived on in joy and bliss,  
And grew pecunious, beyond  
The dreams of avarice !  
And to a nice young man was wed,  
And I have often heard it said  
No other man who ever walked  
Most loved his wife when most she talked !  
(*I think this very fact, forsooth,  
Goes far to prove I tell the truth !*)

cross brunette the fairy's joke  
y hook or crook survived,  
still at every word she spoke  
n ugly toad arrived,  
l at last she had to come  
eigning she was wholly dumb,  
reat the suitors swarmed around,  
soon a wealthy mate she found.  
think nobody ever knew  
ne happier husband of the two !)



*This shows why each suitor, who rode up to spark,  
Would mark the toad maybe, but ne'er toed the mark.*



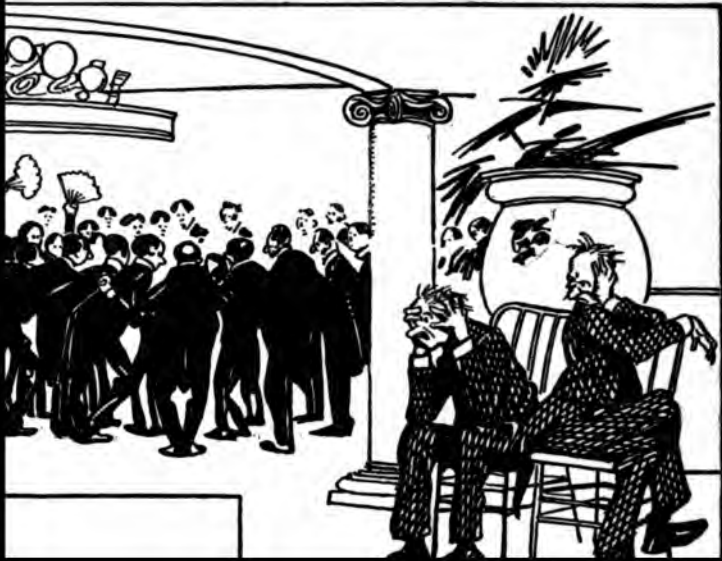



*How Beauty Contrived to Get  
Square with the Beast*

♣

Miss Guinevere Platt  
Was so beautiful that  
    She could n't remember the day  
When one of her swains  
Had n't taken the pains  
    To send her a mammoth bouquet.  
And the postman had found,  
On the whole of his round,  
    That no one received such a lot  
Of bulky epistles  
As, waiting his whistles,  
    The beautiful Guinevere got!







John Jeremy Platt  
Would n't stay in the flat,  
For his beautiful daughter he missed :  
When he 'd taken his tub,  
He would hie to his club,  
And dally with poker or whist.  
At the end of a year  
It was perfectly clear  
That he 'd never computed the cost,  
For he had n't a penny  
To settle the many  
Ten thousands of dollars he 'd lost !

F. Ferdinand Fife  
Was a student of life :  
He was coarse, and excessively fat,  
With a beard like a goat's,  
But he held all the notes  
Of ruined John Jeremy Platt !  
With an adamant smile  
That was brimming with guile,  
He said : "I am took with the face  
Of your beautiful daughter,  
And wed me she ought ter,  
To save you from utter disgrace !"

Miss Guinevere Platt  
did n't hesitate at  
Her duty's imperative call.  
When they looked at the bride  
All the chaperons cried :  
" She is n't so bad, after all !"  
The desolate men  
Were were something like ten  
Who took up political lives,  
And the flower of the flock  
Went and fell off a dock,  
And the rest married hideous wives !

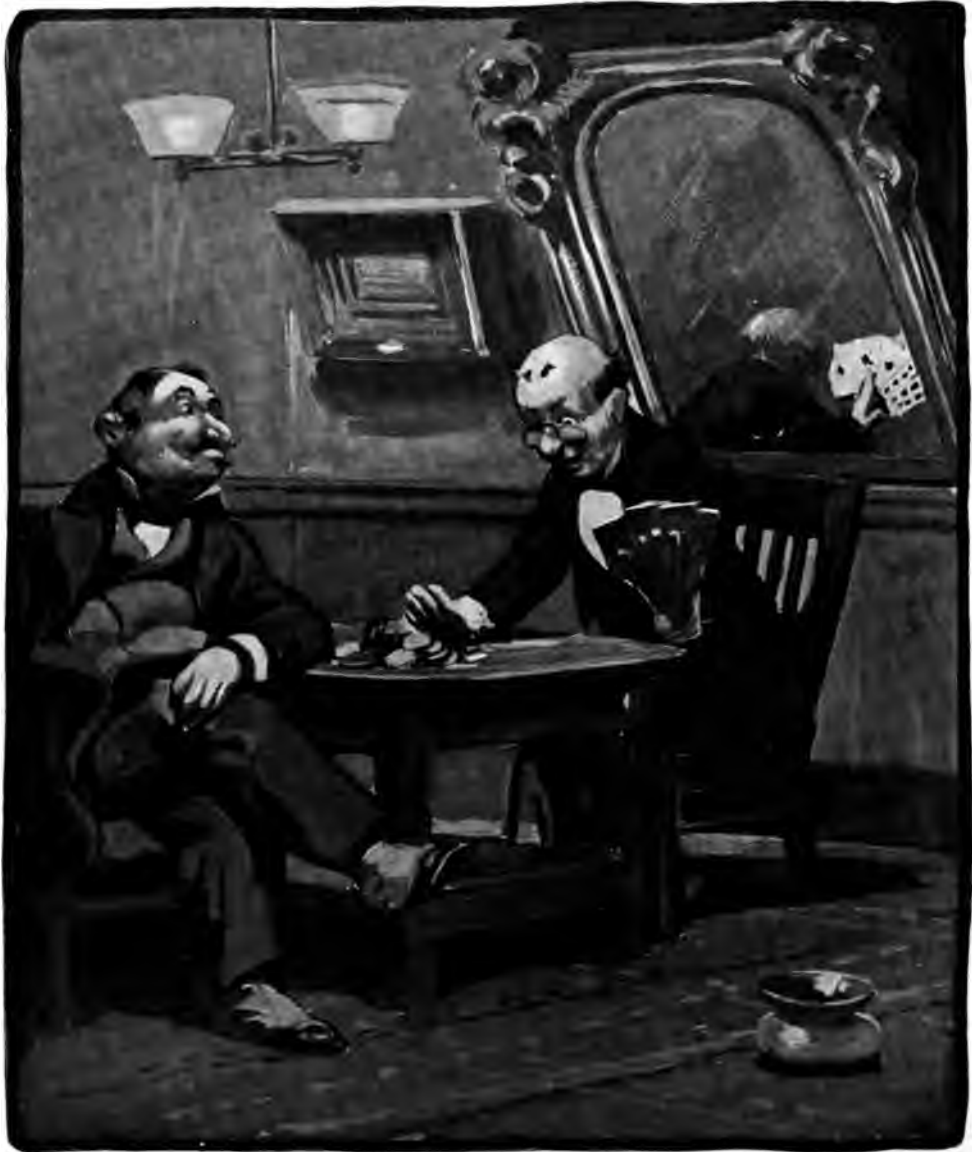


But the beautiful wife  
Of F. Ferdinand Fife  
Was the wildest that ever was known :



She 'd grumble and glare,  
Till the man did n't dare  
To say that his soul was his own.  
She sneered at his ills,  
And quadrupled his bills,  
And spent nearly twice what he earned ;  
Her husband deserted,  
And frivoled, and flirted,  
Till Ferdinand's reason was turned.

repented too late,  
his terrible fate  
upon him so heavily sat,  
that he swore at the day  
when he sat down to play  
at cards with John Jeremy Platt.  
He was dead in a year,  
and the fair Guinevere  
and society sparkled again,  
while the chaperons fluttered  
and their fans, as they muttered :  
"She's getting exceedingly plain!"



*This shows how at poker one loses his pelf  
When the other's a joker and knave in himself.*





*How a Fair One no Hope to  
His Highness Accorded*



She has slid down the channels  
Of history's annals  
    Disguised as the child of a king,  
But that is a glib  
And iniquitous fib,  
    For she never was any such thing :  
They called her the Fair One  
                    with Golden Locks,  
And it 's true she had lovers  
                    who swarmed in flocks,  
But the rest is ironic ;  
Her business chronic  
Was selling hair-tonic  
                    By bottle and box !

From the dawn till the gloaming  
She used to sit combing  
    Her hair in a languorous way.  
And her suitors would stop  
To look into the shop,  
    And stand there the rest of the day.  
She filled them with mute, but  
                    with deep despair,  
For she never glanced up, with  
                    a smile, to where  
They stood about, crushing  
Each other, and blushing :  
She simply kept brushing  
                    Her beautiful hair.



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merican life,

uck  
at girl for a wife !  
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mpt to excuse,  
and  
tated his views.





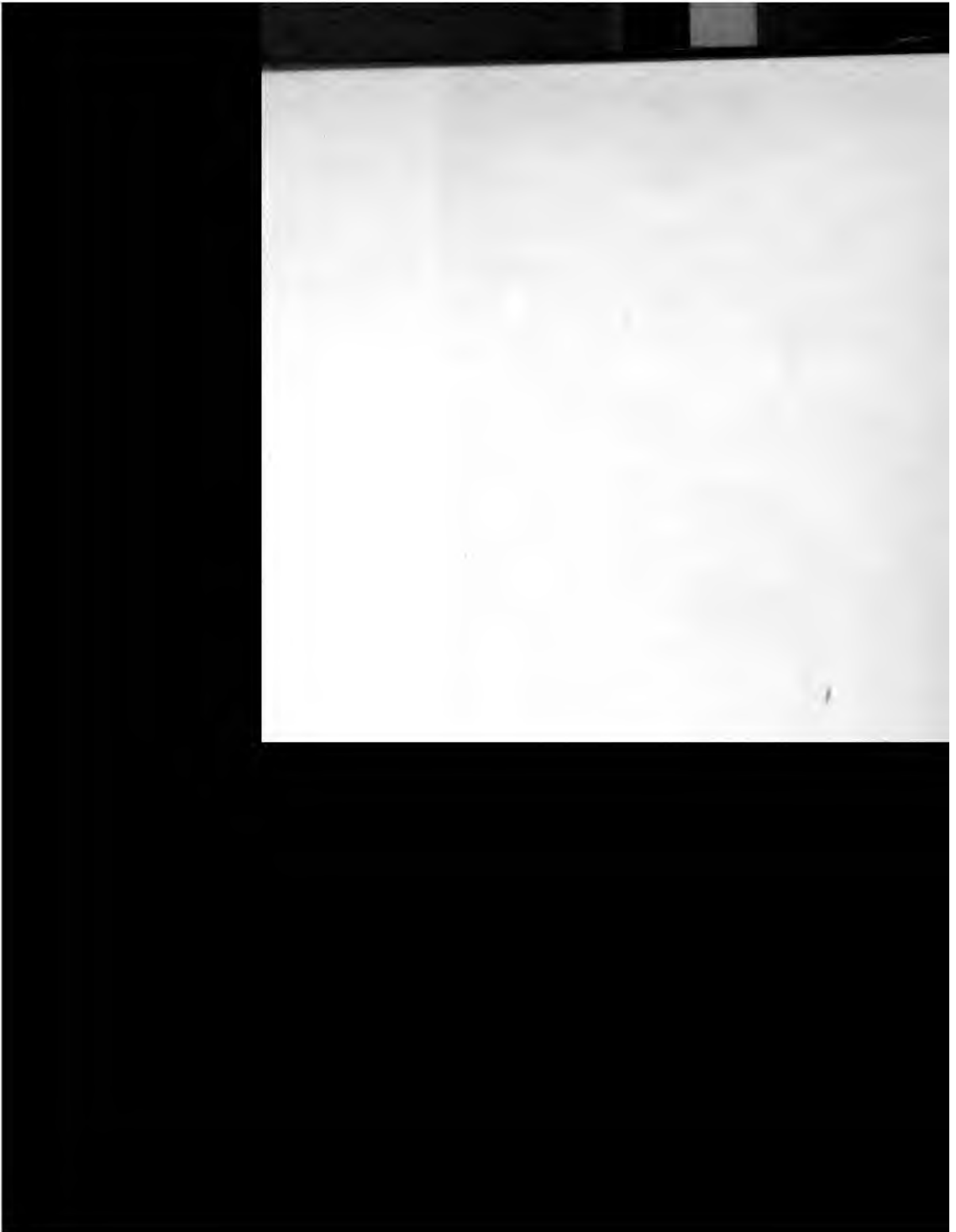
“Most winsome of creatures,”  
He told her, “your features  
Have led me to candidly say  
That no other beside  
Would I have for a bride :  
We ’ll be married a week from to-day !  
I belong to a long and  
                    a titled line,  
And the least of your wishes  
                    I won’t decline ;  
Next month I will usher  
My wife into Russia : —  
Sweet comber and brusher,  
                    Consider you ’re mine !”

She looked at him squarely,  
Considered him fairly,  
Her glance was as keen as a knife,  
Then she turned up her nose,  
And, with icy repose,  
She answered : “ Well, not on your life !  
You ’re not on the paper  
                    the only blot !  
Do you think I come twelve  
                    in a parcel — what ?  
*Me* pose as your dearie ?  
Oh, go and chase Peary !  
You ’re making me weary.  
                    Now git !”

(He got !)



*This shows how, with never a shadow of doubt,  
When you go in for love you are apt to come out.*





The crowd that had waited  
Outside was elated  
So much by the prince's mischance,  
That they greeted with jeers  
And ironical cheers,  
The end of his little romance.  
They said : "Did it hurt  
when the ground you hit ?"  
They searched for some mark  
where the prince had lit,  
And as he looked colder,  
They only grew bolder,  
And tapped on his shoulder  
With : " Tag ! You 're It !"

The lengthy discussion  
That sensitive Russian  
Compiled on the U. S. A.  
Was read by the maid,  
As she carelessly played  
With her beautiful hair one day.  
" The talk you hear in that primitive land,"  
He wrote, " nobody  
can understand."  
" Somebody who guffed him,"  
She said, " has stuffed him,  
And easily bluffed him  
To beat the band !"

*Moral:* The people across the brine  
exceedingly strong on Auld Lang Syne,  
they're lost in the push when they strike  
a gang  
is strong on American new line slang!

*How Thomas a Maid from  
a Dragon Released*

♣

Though Philip the Second  
Of France was reckoned  
No coward, his breath came short  
When they told him a dragon  
As big as a wagon  
Was waiting below in the court !  
A dragon so long, and so  
wide, and so fat,  
That he could n't get in at  
the door to chat :  
The king could n't leave him  
Outside and grieve him,  
He had to receive him  
Upon the mat,





dragon bowed nicely,  
very concisely  
stated the reason he'd called :  
made the disclosure  
frigid composure.  
Philip was simply appalled !  
demanded for eating,  
a fortnight apart,  
monarch's ten daughters,  
all dear to his heart.  
" Now you 'll produce," he  
concluded, " the juicy  
succulent Lucie  
By way of start ! "

Philip was pliant,  
far from defiant  
" And servile." no doubt you retort !—



By way of a truce, he  
 Brought out little Lucie  
 And watched her conducted away,  
 But all of the others  
 Were out with their brothers !  
 Thus gaining a little delay,  
 He promised through heralds  
                         sent west and east,  
 His crown, and his kingdom,  
                         and last, not least,  
 His daughter so sightly  
 To any one knightly  
 Who'd come and politely  
                         Wipe out that beast !

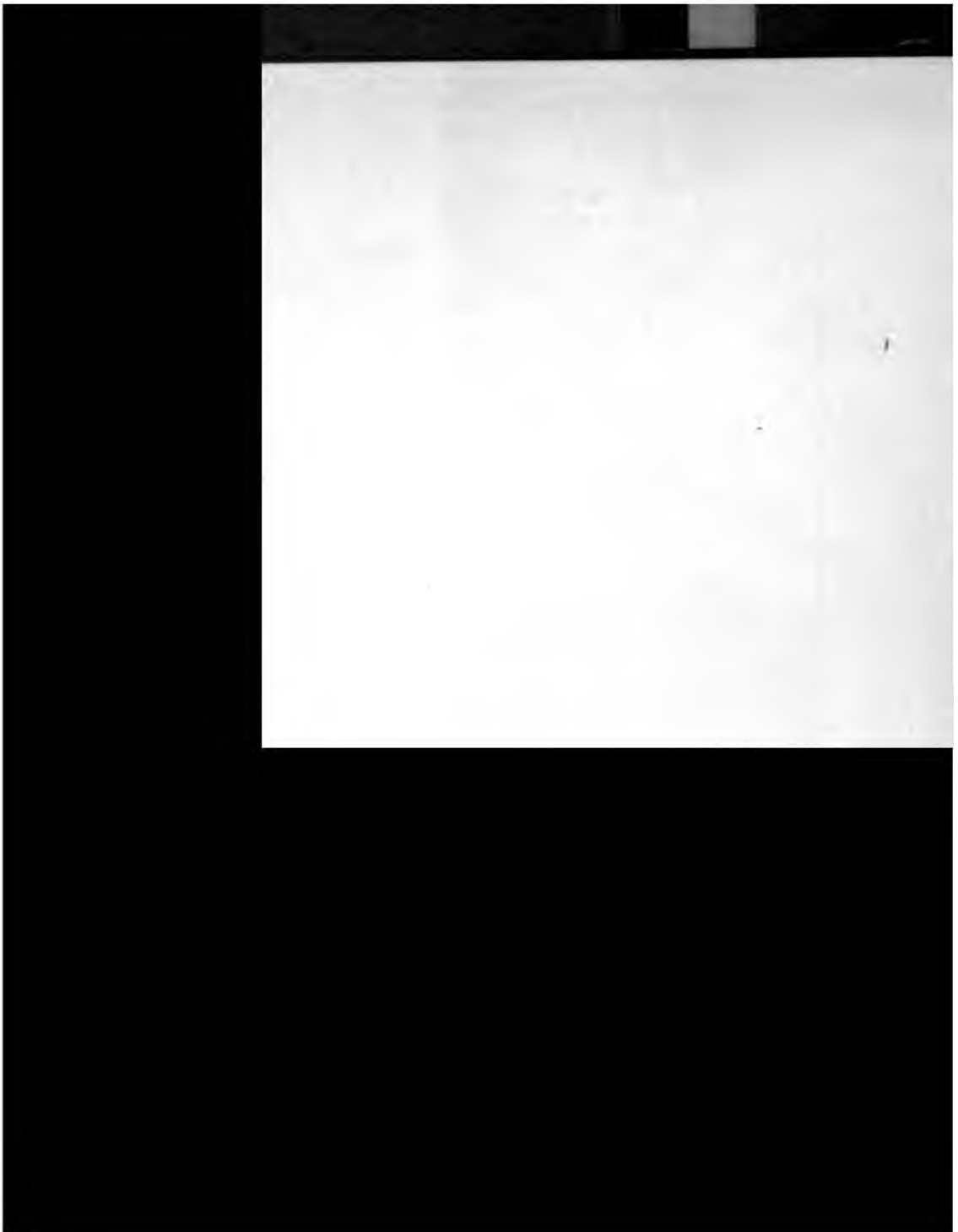
love of the charmer,  
dressed in his armor,  
Each suitor for glory who yearned,  
would gallantly hasten,  
to slay the dragon to chasten,  
but none of them ever returned!  
When the dragon had eaten  
                                some sixteen score  
hung up this sign on  
                                his cavern door,  
Great he lay prone  
majesty lonely :

*ere's Standing Room Only  
For Three Knights More !*

lim adolescent,



*This shows how a servant may laugh at the Fates,  
Since everything comes to the fellow who waits.*



The king was delighted  
At first when he sighted  
The victor, but then in dismay  
Regretted his promise.  
The stripling was Thomas,  
His Majesty's *valet-de-pied* !  
He asked him at once :  
"Will you compromise ?"  
But Thomas looked straight  
in his master's eyes,  
And answered severely :  
"I see your game clearly,  
And scorn it sincerely.  
Hand out the prize !"

Not long did he linger  
Before on the finger  
Of Lucie he fitted a ring :  
A month or two later  
They made him dictator,  
In place of the elderly king :  
He was lauded by pulpit,  
and boomed by press,  
And no one had ever  
a chance to guess,  
Beholding this hero  
Who ruled like a Nero,  
His valor was zero,  
or something less.

*The Moral* : And still from Nice to Calais  
Discretion's the better part of —

— *valets !*




*How a Beauty was Waked and  
Her Suitor was Suited*



Albeit wholly penniless,  
Prince Charming was n't any less  
    Conceited than a Croesus  
        or a modern millionaire :  
Though often in necessity,  
No one would ever guess it. He  
    Was candidly insolvent,  
        and he frankly did n't care !  
Of the many debts he made  
Not a one was ever paid,  
    But no one ever pressed him  
        to refund the borrowed gold :  
While he recklessly kept spending,  
People gladly kept on lending,  
    For the fact they knew a title  
        Was requital  
            Twenty-fold !  
(He lived in sixteen sixty-three,  
    This smooth unblushing article,  
Since when, as far as I can see,  
    Men have n't changed a particle !)



Charming's principality  
here was a wild locality,  
Composed of sombre forest,  
and of steep and frowning crags,  
of pheasant and of rabbit, too ;  
and here it was his habit to  
Go hunting with his courtiers  
in the keen pursuit of stags,  
at the charger that he rode  
so mercurially strode  
That the prince on one occasion  
left the others in the lurch,  
and the falling darkness found him,  
with no vassals left around him.



His ringing was so vehement  
That any one could see he meant  
    To suffer no refusal, but,  
        in spite of all the din,  
There was no answer audible,  
And so, with courage laudable,  
    His Royal Highness turned the knob,  
        and stoutly entered in.  
Then he strode across the court,  
But he suddenly stopped short  
    When he passed within the castle  
        by a massive oaken door :  
There were courtiers without number,  
But they all were plunged in slumber,  
    The prince's ear delighting  
        By uniting  
            In a snore.  
The prince remarked : "This must be Phil-  
    adelphia, Pennsylvania !"  
(And so was born the jest that 's still  
    The comic journal's mania !)

Numb, comatose, insensible,  
The flunkeys and the chamberlains  
all slumbered like the dead,  
And snored so loud and mournfully,  
That Charming passed them scornfully  
And came to where a princess  
lay asleep upon a bed.  
She was so extremely fair  
That His Highness did n't care  
For the risk, and so he kissed her  
ere a single word he spoke :—  
In a jiffy maids and pages,  
Ushers, lackeys, squires, and sages,  
As fresh as if they 'd been at least  
A week awake,



*This shows how the prince won the princess's heart,  
And the end of her sleeping was simply a start.*





Awoke,  
And hastened, bustled, dashed and ran  
Up stairways and through galleries :  
In brief, they one and all began  
Again to earn their salaries !



roused from her paralysis,  
as if in deep analysis  
of him who had awakened her,  
                  the princess met his eye:  
her glance at first was critical,  
and sternly analytical.  
And then she dropped her lashes  
                  and she gave a little sigh.  
He watched her, wholly dumb,  
and observed: "You doubtless come  
for one of two good reasons,  
                  and I'm going to ask you which,  
do you mean my house to harry,  
or do you propose to marry?"  
She answered: "I may rue it,



*How Jack Found that Beans  
May go Back on a Chap*

€

Without the slightest basis  
For hypochondriasis  
A widow had forebodings  
which a cloud around her flung,  
And with expression cynical  
For half the day a clinical  
Thermometer she held  
beneath her tongue.

Whene'er she read the papers  
She suffered from the vapors,  
At every tale of malady  
or accident she 'd groan ;  
In every new and smart disease,  
From housemaid's knee to heart disease,  
She recognized the symptoms  
as her own ! .

She had a yearning chronic  
To try each novel tonic,  
Elixir, panacea, lotion,  
opiate, and balm ;  
And from a homœopathist  
Would change to an hydropathist,  
And back again,  
with stupefying calm !





villa  
parilla,  
ulis,  
chial troches, soda mint.  
ical,  
the cuticle,  
onoids, and lint.

She was nervous, catalept  
And anemic, and dyspepti  
Though not convinced  
yet she had  
She dwelt with force fana  
Upon a twinge rheumatic  
And said she had a  
buzzing in h

Now all of this bemoaning  
And this grumbling and this groaning  
The mind of Jack, her son and heir,  
unconscionably bored.  
His heart completely hardening,  
He gave his time to gardening,  
For raising beans was  
something he adored.



h hour in accents morbid  
s limp maternal bore bid  
er callous son affectionate  
and lachrymose good-bys.  
e never granted Jack a day  
hout some long "Alackaday!"  
accompanied by  
rolling of the eyes.

Jack, no panic showing,  
t watched his beanstalk growing,  
nd twined with tender fingers  
the tendrils up the pole.



That hollow-hearted creature  
Would never change a feature :  
    No tear bedimmed his eye, however  
        touching was her talk.  
She never fussed or flurried him,  
The only thing that worried him  
    Was when no bean-pods  
        grew upon the stalk !

But then he wobbled loosely  
His head, and wept profusely,  
    And, taking out his handkerchief  
        to mop away his tears,  
Exclaimed : " It has n't got any ! "  
He found this blow to botany  
    Was sadder than were all  
        his mother's fears.

I made this up myself :  
'T was in a book upon my shelf.  
It 's witty, but I don't deny  
It 's rather Whittier than I !)





## *How a Cat Was Annoyed and a Poet Was Booted*



A poet had a cat.  
There is nothing odd in that —  
(I *might* make a little pun about the *Mews!*)  
But what is really more  
Remarkable, she wore  
A pair of pointed patent-leather shoes.  
And I doubt me greatly whether  
E'er you heard the like of that :  
Pointed shoes of patent-leather  
On a cat !



His time he used to pass  
Writing sonnets, on the grass —  
(I *might* say something good on *pen* and  
*sword* !)  
While the cat sat near at hand,  
Trying hard to understand  
The poems he occasionally roared.  
(I myself possess a feline,  
But when poetry I roar  
He is sure to make a bee-line  
For the door.)

.....  
" We are bound toward the scuppers,  
And the time has come to act,  
Or we 'll both be on our uppers  
For a fact ! "

On her boot she fixed her eye,  
But the boot made no reply —  
(I *might* say : " Could n't speak to save  
*sole!* ")

And the foolish bard, instead  
Of responding, only read

A verse that was n't bad upon the whole  
And it pleased the cat so greatly,  
Though she knew not what it meant  
That I 'll quote approximately  
How it went : —

" If I should live to be  
The last leaf upon the tree " —  
(I *might* put in : " I think I 'd just as *leaf!* "  
" Let them smile, as I do now,  
At the old forsaken bough " —  
.....



She was jarred and very sore  
When they showed her to the door.  
(I *might* hit off the *door* that was a *jar* !)  
To the spot she swift returned  
Where the poet sighed and yearned,  
And she told him that he'd gone a little  
far.  
"Your performance with this rhyme has  
Made me absolutely sick,"  
She remarked. "I think the time has  
Come to kick!"





-----  
Me, as tit for tat, to boot you !”  
(Which she did.)



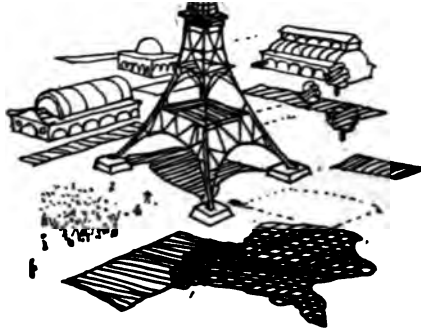
*The Moral of the plot*  
(Though I say it, as should not !)  
Is : An editor is difficult to suit.  
But again there 're other times  
When the man who fashions rhymes  
Is a rascal. and a bully one to boot !



*How Much Fortunatus Could  
Do with a Cap*



Fortunatus, a fisherman Dane,  
Set out on a sudden for Spain,  
Because, runs the story,  
He 'd met with a hoary  
Mysterious sorcerer chap,  
Who, trouble to save him,  
Most thoughtfully gave him  
A magical traveling cap.  
I barely believe that the story is true,  
But here 's what that cap was reported to do.



Suppose you were sitting at home,  
And you wished to see Paris or Rome,  
You 'd pick up that bonnet,  
You 'd carefully don it,  
    The name of the city you 'd call,  
And the very next minute  
By Jove, you were in it,  
    Without having started at all !  
One moment you sauntered on upper Broad-  
way,  
And the next on the Corso or rue de la Paix !



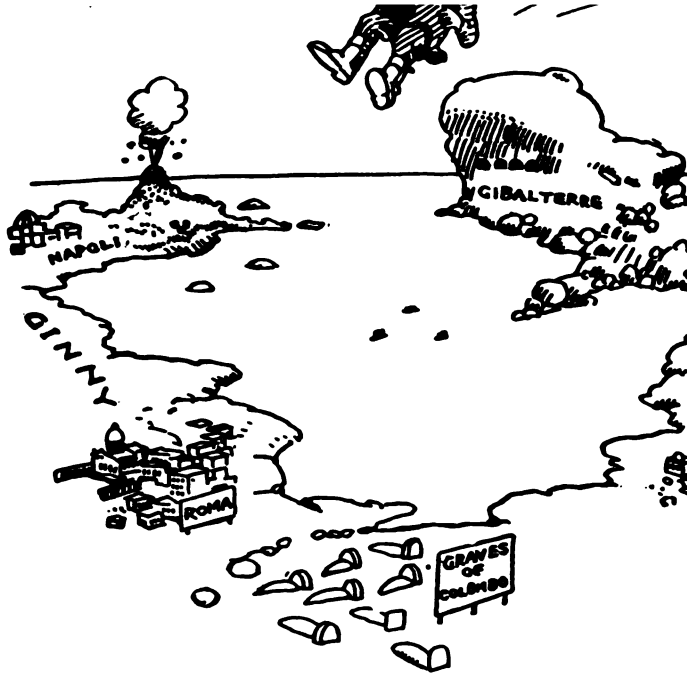
*This shows Fortunatus, a restless feeling,  
Forsaking his fishing, and leaving his oeing.*





Why, it beat every journey of Cook's,  
Knocked spots out of Baedeker's books !  
He stepped from his doorway  
Direct into Norway,  
He hopped in a trice to Ceylon,  
He saw Madagascar,  
Went round by Alaska,  
And called on a girl in Luzon :  
If they said she'd be down in a moment or  
two,  
He took, while he waited, a peek at Peru !

He could wake up at eight in Siam,  
Take his tub, if he wanted, in Guam.  
Eat breakfast in Kansas,  
And lunch in Matanzas,  
Go out for a walk in Brazil,  
Take tea in Madeira,



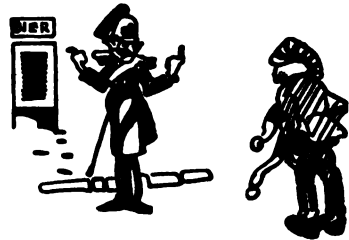
And smoke his cigar in Seville,  
Go out to the theatre in Vladivostok,  
And retire in New York at eleven o'clock !

Every tongue he could readily speak :  
French, German, Italian, Greek,  
Norwegian, Bulgarian,  
Turkish, Bavarian,  
Japanese, Hindustanee,  
Russian and Mexican !  
He was a lexicon,

Such as you seldom will see.  
His knowledge linguistic gave Ollendorff fits,  
And brought a hot flush to the face of Berlitz !

He would bow in an intimate way  
To Menelik and to Loubet,  
He was frequently beckoned,  
By William the Second,  
A word of advice to receive,  
He talked with bravado  
About the Mikado,

King Oscar, Oom Paul, the Khedive,  
King Victor Emmanuel Second, the Shah,  
King Edward the Seventh, Kwang Su, and the  
Czar !





the good of a wandering life,  
to tell all that you do to your  
e?



She'd indulge in a copious cry,  
She'd remark she'd undoubtedly die,  
Or, like many another,  
Go back to her mother,  
And what would the world think of *that*?  
She only grew pleasant,  
When offered a present  
Of gloves or a gown or a hat:  
And more than his talisman saved him in fare  
Fortunatus expended in putting things square!



*How a Princess Was Wooed  
from Habitual Sadness.*



In days of old the King of Saxe  
Had singular opinions,  
For with a weighty battle-axe  
He brutalized his minions,  
And, when he 'd nothing to employ  
His mind, he chose a village,  
And with an air of savage joy  
Delivered it to pillage.

But what aroused within his breast  
A rage well-nigh primeval  
Was, most of all, his daughter, dressed  
In fashion mediæval :  
The gowns that pleased this maiden's eye  
Were simple as Utopia,  
And for a hat she had a high  
Inverted cornucopia.

all her life she'd never smiled,  
Her sadness was abysmal :  
The boisterous monarch found his child  
Unutterably dismal.  
He therefore said the prince who made  
Her laughter from its shell come,  
Besides in ducats being paid,  
Might wed the girl, and welcome !

ought to say, ere I forget,  
She was uncommon comely —  
Who ever read a Grimm tale yet,  
In which the girl was homely ? )



One read her "Innocents Abroad,"  
The next wore clothes eccentric,  
The third one swallowed half his sword,  
As in the circus-tent trick.  
Thus eight of them into her cool  
Reserve but deeper shoved her:  
There was but one authentic fool —  
The prince who really loved her!




He'd alternate between the height  
Of hope and deep abasement,  
He caught distressing colds at night,  
By watching 'neath her casement :  
He did what I have done, I know,  
And you, I do not doubt it, —  
Instead of bottling up his woe,  
He bored his friends about it !

In brooding on the ways of Fate  
Long hours he daily wasted,  
His food remained upon his plate,  
'T was scarcely touched or tasted :  
He said the bitter things of love,  
All lovers, save a few, say,  
And learned by heart the verses of  
Swinburne, and A. de Musset !



This attitude his wished-for bride  
To silent laughter goaded,  
Until he talked of suicide,  
And then the girl exploded !  
“ You make me laugh, and so,” she said,  
“ I ’ll marry you next season.”  
(Not half the people who are wed  
Have half so good a reason !)

***The Moral:*** The deliberate clown  
Can never beat love's barriers down :  
'T is better to be like the owl,  
Comic because so grave a fowl.  
From him we well may take our cue.  
By him be taught, to wit, to woo !



*How a Girl was too Reckless  
of Grammar by Far*

♣

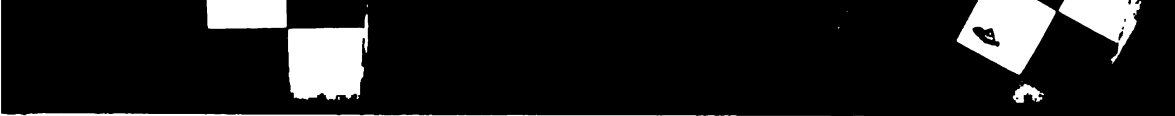
Matilda Maud Mackenzie

frankly had n't any chin,  
Her hands were rough, her feet she  
turned invariably in ;  
Her general form was German,  
By which I mean that you  
Her waist could not determine  
To within a foot or two :  
And not only did she stammer,  
But she used the kind of grammar  
That is called, for sake of euphony, askew.

From what I say about her,  
don't imagine I desire  
A prejudice against this  
worthy creature to inspire.  
She was willing, she was active,  
She was sober, she was kind,  
But she *never* looked attractive  
And she *had n't* any mind !  
I knew her more than slightly,  
And I treated her politely  
When I met her, but of course I was n't  
blind !



**Matilda Maud Mackenzie**  
had a habit that was droll,  
She spent her morning seated  
on a rock or on a knoll,



And threw with much composure  
A smallish rubber ball  
At an inoffensive osier  
By a little waterfall ;

**But Matilda's way of throwing  
Was like other people's mowing,  
And she never hit the willow-tree at all !**



*This serves in the easiest way to explain  
What is meant by taking an aim in vain.*

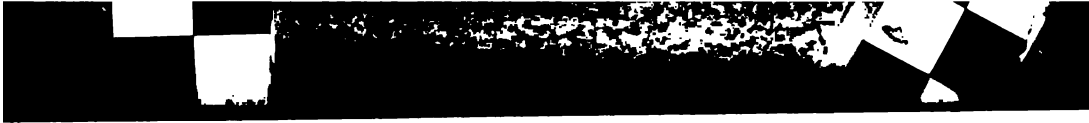


One day as Miss Mackenzie  
with uncommon ardor tried  
To hit the mark, the missile  
flew exceptionally wide,  
And, before her eyes astounded,  
On a fallen maple's trunk  
Ricocheted, and rebounded  
In the rivulet, and sunk!  
Matilda, greatly frightened,  
In her grammar unenlightened,  
Remarked: "Well now I ast yer! Who'd  
'er thunk?"



But what a marvel followed!  
From the pool at once there rose  
A frog, the sphere of rubber  
balanced deftly on his nose.  
He beheld her fright and frenzy,  
And, her panic to dispel,  
On his knee by Miss Mackenzie  
He obsequiously fell.  
With quite as much decorum  
As a speaker in a forum  
He started in his history to tell.

" he said, " I beg you,  
do not hesitate or wince,  
promise that you 'll wed me,  
I 'll at once become a prince ;  
fairy old and vicious  
enchantment round me spun !"  
he looked up, unsuspecting,  
and he saw what he had won,  
forms of sad reproach he  
heard comments, *sotto voce*.\*



Matilda Maud Mackenzie  
said, as if she meant to scold :  
“ I *never!* Why, you forward thing !  
Now ain't you awful bold ! ”  
Just a glance he paused to give her,  
And his head was seen to clutch,  
Then he darted to the river,  
And he dived to beat the Dutch !  
While the wrathful maiden panted :  
“ I don't think he was enchanted ! ”  
(And he really did n't look it overmuch !)



*The Moral:* In one's language one conserva-  
tive should be :  
Speech is silver, and it never should be free !








*How the Peaceful Aladdin  
Gave Way to His Madness*

¶

His name was Aladdin.  
The clothes he was clad in  
    Proclaimed him an Arab at sight,  
And he had for a chum  
An uncommonly rum  
    Old afreet, six cubits in height.  
This person infernal,  
Who seemed so fraternal,  
    At bottom was frankly a scamp :  
His future to sadden,  
He gave to Aladdin  
    A wonderful magical lamp.

A marvel he dubbed it.  
He said if one rubbed it  
One's wishes were done on the spot.  
Now what would you do  
Were it offered to you?  
Refuse it undoubtedly (not) !  
It's thus comprehensive  
With pleasure extensive  
Aladdin accepted the gift,  
And, by it befriended,  
Erected a splendid  
Château, with a bath and a lift!



Not dreaming of malice,  
One year in his palace  
    He led a luxurious life,  
Till his genius dread  
Put it into his head  
    That he needed a beautiful wife.  
Responding to friction,  
The lamp this affliction  
    At once for Aladdin secured ;  
The latter, delighted,  
Imagined he sighted  
    A future of quiet assured.

When gladly he chose her,  
He did n't suppose her  
    A philatelist, always agape  
For novelties, yet  
She had all of the set  
    Of triangular stamps of the Cape.  
Some people malicious  
Proclaimed her Mauritius  
    One-penny vermilion a sell.  
But that was all rot. It  
Was true she had got it,  
    And the tuppenny blue one as well !

But, spite of his impotent wrath  
His manor-house vanished,  
To nothingness banished,



The average Arab  
Is hard as a scarab  
When some one has wounded his pride,  
So he jumped up and down,  
With a cynical frown,  
On the *face* of his beautiful bride!  
He had picked up a cargo  
Of curious *argot*  
While living in Paris the gay ;  
In the slang of that city  
He cried without pity :  
“ *Comme ça tu me fich'ras la paix !*”



*The Moral :* When stamps you 're adept on  
Of risks you are reckless, and yet  
**Beware !** If your face is once stepped on,  
That 's the last stamp you 're likely to get !

*How a Fisherman Corked  
up His Foe in a Jar*



A fisherman lived on the shore,  
(It's a habit that fishers affect,)  
And his life was a hideous bore :  
He had nothing to do but collect  
Continual harvests of seaweed and shells,



Which he stuck upon photograph frames,  
To sell to the guests in the summer hotels  
With the quite inappropriate names !



In the culpable way of his class.

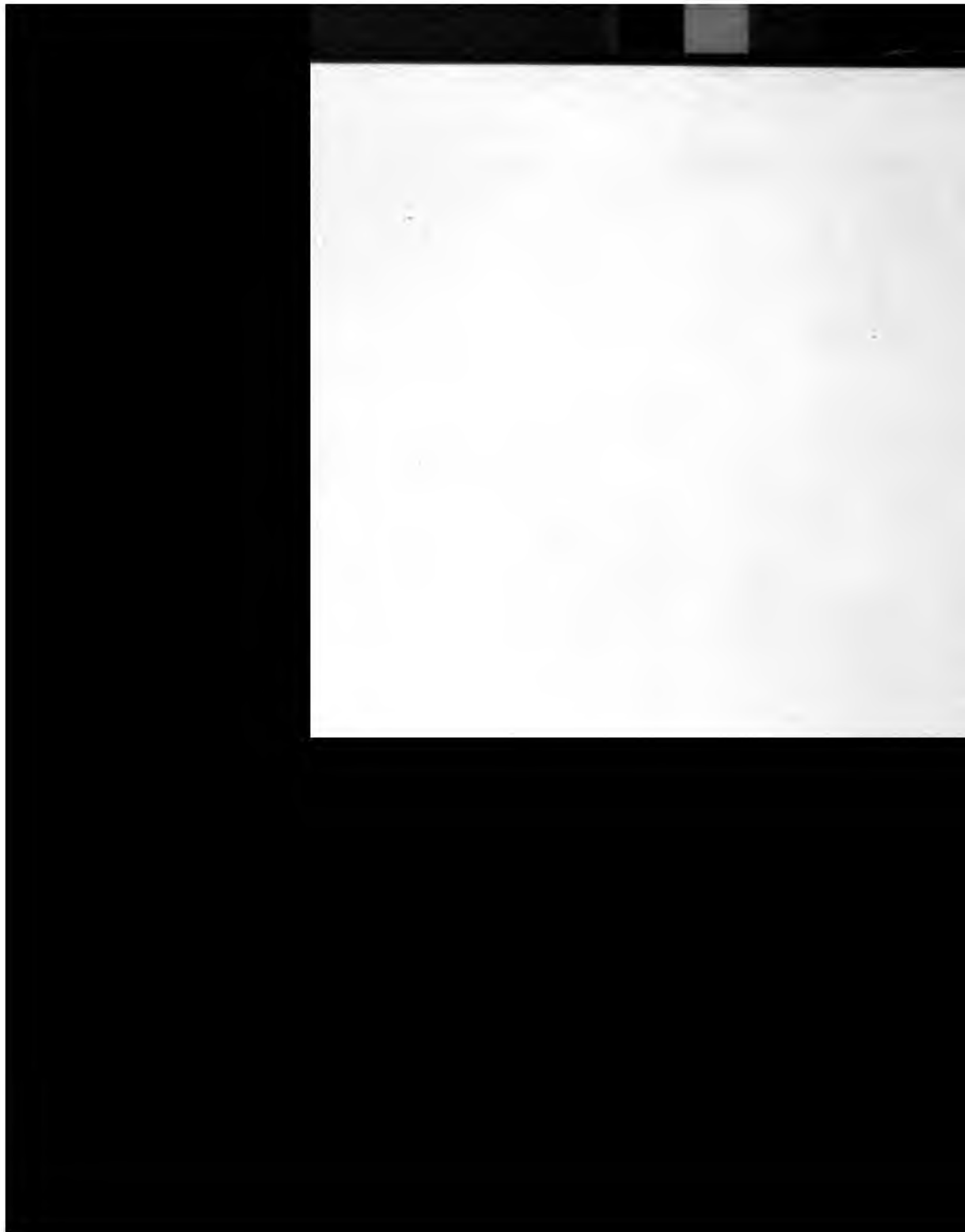
It happened one day, as afar  
He roved on the glistening strand,  
That he chanced on a curious jar,  
Which lay on a hummock of sand.




It was closed at the mouth with a cork and  
seal,  
And over the top there was tied  
A cloth. and the fisherman could n't but feel



*This shows us the fisher beginning to blow  
Of preserving himself while he pickled his foe.*





But what were his fear and surprise  
When the stopper he held in his hand !  
For a genie of singular size  
Appeared in a trice on the sand,  
Who said in the roughest and rudest of tones :  
“ A monster you ’ve foolishly freed !  
I shall simply make way with you, body and  
bones,  
And that with phenomenal speed ! ”

The fisherman looked in his face,  
And answered him boldly : “ My friend,  
How you ever were packed in that space  
Is something I don’t comprehend.  
Pray do me the favor to show me how you  
Can do it, as large as you are.”  
The genie retorted : “ That ’s just what I ’ll  
do ! ”  
And promptly reentered the jar.

The fisherman corked him up tight :  
The genie protested and raved,  
But for all he accomplished, he might  
As well all his shouting have saved.  
And, whenever a generous bonus is paid,  
The fisherman willingly tells  
The singular tale of this trick that he played,  
To the guests in the summer hotels.

*The Moral:* When fortune you strike,  
And you ’ve slipped through a dangerous  
crack,  
Get as forward as ever you like,  
But never, oh, *never* get back !

go and say you 'd a dim  
hese stories before,  
rankly confessed them from Grimm,  
narch of magical lore :

And if, by req  
Your time,  
*This* moral (th  
Has never t

*The Moral:* The skeleton's Grimm,  
But I have supplied the apparel,  
So it 's fifty per cent. of it Him,  
And it 's fifty per cent. of it Carryl.  
But still (from the personal severing,  
For it is n't my nature to grump,)  
I acknowledge a measure of Levering  
Levering-ed the whole of the lump!







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